

Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 38

The Express

Interval: 4

Part: 1

(Back)

Think about the express-

The train pulls away. As I then sit down in a seat where I have a good vantage point of the cars. The doors close, and I hear the whistle far down the line I knew I was going far from home. I look out the window. 'This is your conductor speaking, I'd like to welcome you aboard...' If you require any assistance on your journey, I am located towards the front of this 69th

train coach- I welcome you to the
railway for the fall- you are here
because your life was not fielded as it
should, that is why they send you to us.’
It is evening, soon you will not see
anything but darkness, the treetops
will get a little darker than the sky
above, then that too will fade, as you
pulled into the time vortex.

Mostly, all I see is the
reflection of the passengers in the
carriage, and you and your soul
reflected at you, that now is ours to
take- and keep and do as we like with.
I sit in the quiet coach; it is not

always quiet, but a least it is not loud,
all the girls look like sweet things that
would not hurt anyone in their new
pressed girly school uniforms, they got
before getting on. Individuals are
usually too polite, and or timid or just
freaking scared out of their wets, to
complain when someone is making a
clamor. I count eight other passengers
today, I knew- that we would get to
know each other then again if it was
anything- like my old life them not.

Part: 2

Yes, I am sure of it I will have some, spaniel bounds with all yens are in this carriage, sniffing voraciously at everything, and looking as if your grandmother just died, nope- you did honey- you did. Then, I think well so- o did I!

Nevertheless, there are no familiar faces, no people I see regularly, I was starting to feel the effects of it too- and then I was looking like a sad puppy also, in the glass looking back, seeing my old life flash by as the train rushed forward, faster than my mind could think. Whoop- whoop- I

am heard... Emma- the young girl,
looks at each group of seats as her
passes, moving straight through when
she does not find what she is looking
for, and that is a girl there to comfort
her, so-o I am thought that must be
myself.

In the non-summer days, I
stare out the window, back home out
the train riding to school, but when it is
dark, she watches the other
passengers. She said to me, her name
was- Haven. Things got a little less
stuffy... I often wonder if she comes to

the same town as I do, sound like me,
and my story too.

Although the girls have tried to
change into their uniform it is obvious,
they have not been away home for long-
they were lost. I am slurred, when- I's
get nervous, she was sitting there with
her hand between her knees said
Naddalin.

Haven- I said, raising in to
sitting on my legs under my butt, fixing
the skirt too under my butt, spilling is
not my thing or being what some would
say is cool, as the train sways, but I can

see I have made it as a girl. Some just blink not getting that. I feel the train slowing; two girls in uniforms... walk back and take sets in front of us and make their way through the doors at one end. I have not had an opportunity, to talk openly for the first time it was nice, same with them we not heating on one another- where just fallen girls- here over the fact we were throw away girls. Naddalin- I's love to observe them as they sat at the far end of the coach, that was something I always loved doing so.

(Me too, said the three girls
that made friends at this point. Emma,
Naddalin, and Haven.)

~*~

The new girl crosses her arms
and grins, saying- 'hey I am Karly.'

We all look confused, at the
color of her hair, no reply kick-ass
luggage she uses that mad our heads
ache; the new girl rolls her eyes-
saying: Do not be fake and gay- (I said
I's am- and I look telling me kind of a
too-long story.)

‘Hun- a?’ Her eyes where and face was so-o confused, ‘I do not judge...’ she said. not in school uniforms, clashes with my hair, and I do not like having things constricted, and she grasps her chest hard, in an upper ward motion.

Part: 3

I smile at the easiest, thoughts of a new friendship, the girls share their plans of listening but want to keep it a secret from their parents and all in their old life. Yet, Karly was like- not so- o much as we were- my younger sisters

we see me again- I am sure of it, as a
haunt in her vanity glass, or something
random, or like when she is getting
freaky with my old boyfriend. We
giggled...

Luckily, I do not know the
parents! Said Haven.

The young girl embarked on
and are sitting opposite each other
folding the sit-in so they were face to
face... The train stops and this time the
doors stay closed. Getting water from
the tank, for the steam...

(Thought)

I feel like I would like to help
this young girl, but I do not know how,
and I guess I's would not appreciate the
interference.

I am though I know that I love
trains...

~*~

(I wonder)

The train pulls away with a
small jolt, Students steps back from the
window, I wonder if she has problems
at home, like I did, though Haven, or
girlfriend trouble too like me or boy- or
was at all like me? He checks the

screen on his phone again. She has no signals like this route than is all green from here. Only one track... and is a twist and turns yet is a straight path to their... Tickets- girls, please, magical they are they show up floating like three dentinal- and oh- so-o see though in their hands, tickets... with your code and names and whatnot, show us all we need to know for now... and your place here.

As you can see the bars on the code forever match here to there and are read... this is your ID... I hold up my season ticket for inspection, ripping

the playful thing down in mid-air.

‘Thank you, sir,’ the guards walk on and checks the rest of the carriage, then stops by the doors. After walking to and for a couple of times, students sad- like sits down and takes a large notebook from their bag, and to the first day’s homework, and that is document all that happens on the ride.

This also was on the ticket, saying the assignment. Then they went off to the steeper parts of the train, it was going to be a long ride when it only takes moments to get here... yet to new girls, it is like a lifetime, that seems like

a week trip, where you need to sleep-
and have a day to transition to the new
worldly ways.

Part: 4

Um- rapidly flicking through
the pages, before the girls turn in, he
stops about two-thirds of the way
through, the girl's room, and pulls the
beds and shads down saying work hard
and rest, he stares out the window,
saying I am getting too old for young
girls.

We- giggle...

(Next day)

With a sigh, the student has
sad doodles on the margin of the page,
and some droll. He looks up at Emma
and stands, there as she and stretches,
'not every day you see a nude girl...'
she said. The girls gather their
belongings and stand close together by
the doors, getting into uniform. I's wait
for the train to come to a complete
standstill before walking over to the
next door, one by one going down the
car steps, to get out, the girls hold
hands in one line, as they walk into this
new land of unknown.

~*~

Chapter: 155

Part: 1

Naddalin- 'Why?' 'Why- are girls like you are making fun of a girl, that was just like you-you're here, for the same- faults- or even more than she had.'

Not, of course, examination passes, or failures are of the remotest importance wither, and it comes to there- the sacred art of divination.

If you have there- seeing-eye, certificates, and grades matter extraordinarily little. However, there-

principal likes you to sit there-
examination, so-o...'

Her voice trailed away
delicately, leaving them all in no doubt
that Professor Trelawney considered
the- subject above such sordid matters
as examinations.

Turn, please, to there-
introduction- and read what the girl has
said here, you have a voice- okay what
is that saying- AVA said to her girls,
like what this pussy licker said about
us.

'CUTE- NO?'

‘Cute yes!’

‘The Sisters from Hell...’

‘CUTE... did she think that we would
never – ever see this?’

‘Sh-h-h’ said Emma- making
faces!

This work by a girl that was
never to has made things difficult for
all... said- Duerre... no it is time to get
at her. Wounds were cast picking apart
the old book copy of the many chapters
of her young and aging life.

Part: 2

They were, divide into pairs,
reading Nevaeh's story mocking her
some- other fallen girls where in- love
with the captivating story her up and
downs... and some saying how did she
not fall to us- as one of us... a strong
girl- she was... somewhere crying
others giggling.

Naddalin- I's think this wrong
to do to someone, even if... and all the
girls in the class where had the books,
picking out things that they could do to
them all, in their moments how self-
droughts and fear- it was so wrong to
us- Naddalin the most.

Use The- Dream Vision, spell
and see all that she did- can you...?

We can- said the girls... feel-
feel- and see as she did. To interpret
each other's most recent dreams, you
will become her- and live a life of the
past and walk her halls as her. Carry
on... young falling angels of Wizard and
the Fallen.'

Part: 3

The- one good thing to be said,
for their lesson was that it was not a
double period.

By three- time they had all finished- reading there- the introduction of the- book, they had barely ten minutes left for dream interpretation.

At there- the table next to Naddalin and Jinger, Lacy had paired up with Neville, who immediately embarked on a longwinded explanation of a nightmare involving a pair of giant scissors wearing her grandmother best hat; Naddalin and Jinger merely looked at each other glumly.

‘I never remember my dreams,’
said Jinger,’ you say one.’

I never remember them like
this said Naddalin... in awe.

‘You must remember one of
them,’ said Naddalin impatiently.

She- was not going to share her
dreams with anyone, I thought we all
had to.

She- knew perfectly well what
she regular nightmare about a
graveyard meant, she- did not need
Jinger or Professor Trelawney or there-
stupid Dream Vision to tell her.

‘Well, I dreamed, that I was playing Claepsiara there- another night,’ said Jinger, screwing up the faces to remember. ‘What you’d reckon that means?’

‘Probably that you’re going to be eaten by a giant marshmallow or something,’ said Naddalin, turning there- pages of The- Dream Vision without interest.

It was very dull work looking up bits of dreams in there- Vision and Naddalin were not chartered up with- n Professor Trelawney set, them there-

the task of keeping a dream diary for a month as homework, about this girl's life, and it was all adding into this story. What we saw.

Naddalin- now docent that discredit her from being the novelist another of the story in the first place? 'You need to hush, or you fail my class!'

When there- bell went, she- And Jinger led there- way back down there- ladder, Jinger grumbling loudly.

'Do you realize how much homework we have gotten already? Bins set us a foot and half long essay on

giant wars, Lily wants a foot on there-
use of moonstones, and now we have a
month's dream diary from Trelawney!

Freeanna and Katy were not
Ginger about FLYING year, were they?
That Scott lady had better not give us
any...'

Wither they entered there-
Defense Against there- Dark Arts
classroom, like- they found Professor
Scott already seated at there-
transferors desk, wearing there- fluffy
pink cardigan of there- the night before
and there- black velvet bow on top of

their head. Naddalin was again reminded forcibly of a large fly perched- unwisely on top of an even larger toad.

The- class was quiet, and just sweet little girls sitting in a row in uniforms, an old art- deco ornate 1920's style all linked together desks, as it entered there- room; Professor Scott was, yet an unknown quantity... And nobody knew how strict a disciplinarian she would- was likely to be.

‘Well, good afternoon!’ Um- she would- said, wither finally there- the whole class had sat down.

A few people mumbled ‘good afternoon’ in reply of drowsiness- or I do not give a frapping sh*t- piss.

That will not do, now, will it?

I should like you, please, to reply ‘Good afternoon, Professor Scott.’ One more time, please. Good afternoon, class!’

‘Good afternoon, Professor Scott,’ they chanted back at her.

‘Ta- ta,’ said Professor Scott.

There are, now,’ said Professor Scott sweetly. That was not too difficult, was it? And away and quills out- ink and nibs, please.’

Many of there- class exchanged gloomy looks; there- order’ and away’ had never- ever, yet, been followed by a lesson they had found interesting or fun and net.

Naddalin shoved her and back into her handbag.

And pulled out an enchanted typewriter for the lifting wood top, ink,

and parchment. The large stand- glass windows have rays coming in... that distracts her.

Professor Scott opened her and, extracted her own and, which was an unusually short one, and tapped there- blackboard sharply with it; words appeared on there- board at once- Defense Against there- Dark Studies a Return to Fundamental Assumption- 'Well now, your teaching in their subject has been rather disrupted and fragmented, hasn't it?' said Professor Scott, turning to face

there- class with she and clasped neatly
in the finger of her.

There- constant changing of
teachers, many of whom do not seem to
have followed any Unholy orders
approved curriculum, has regrettably
resulted in your being far below there-
stand we would expect to see in your
FLYING year.

‘You will be pleased to know,
however, that these problems are now
to be rectified. We will be following a
carefully structured, theory-centered,

Ministry-approved course of defensive magic there a year.'

'Copy down there- following, please.'

She would- rapped there- blackboard again; there- the first message vanished- d and was replaced by there- 'Course Aims...'

Understanding there- assumption primary defensive magic. Learning to recognize circumstances in which defensive magic can legally be used. Employing the- use of defensive magic in a context for practical use.

For a couple of minutes there-
the room was full of there- the sound of
scratching quills on parchment. Wither
everyone had copied down Professor
Scott's three-course aims she would-
asked. 'Has everybody got a copy of
Defensive Magical Theory by Wilbert
Slinkhard?'

There was a dull murmur of
assent throughout there- class.

'I think we'll try that again,'
said Professor Scott.'

Wither- I ask you a question, I should like you to reply, 'Yes, Professor Scott,' or 'No, Professor Scott.'

So, has everyone got a copy of Defensive Magical Theory by Wilbert Slinkhard?'

'Yes, Professor Scott,' rang through there- room.

'Good,' said Professor Scott.' I should like you to turn to page five and read 'Girl One, Fundamentals for Beginners.' There will be no need to talk.'

Professor Scott left there-
blackboard and settled herself in there-
chair behind there- transferors desk,
seeing them all closely with those
pouchy eyes.

Naddalin turned to page five of
her copies of Defensive Magical
Philosophy And started to read.

It was desperately overcast,
quite as bad as listening to Professor
Binns.

She- felt she attentiveness
sliding away from her, she, had soon
read there, the same line half a dozen

times without taking in more than there, first few words.

Numerous silent minutes passed.

Next, to her, Jinger was absent-mindedly turning she enchanted typewriter over and over in the fingers, staring at there- the same spot on their-page.

Naddalin observed right and received an astonishment to shake her out of the inertia.

Emmah had not even opened the copy of Defensive Magical Theory.

She would- was staring fixedly at Professor Scott with her and in there-air.

Naddalin could not remember Emmah ever neglecting to read wither instructed to, or indeed resisting there-the temptation to open any book that came under the nose. She- looked at her enquiringly, but she would- merely shook her head slightly to show that she would- was not about to answer questions, and continued to stare at Professor Scott, who was looking just as resolutely in another direction.

After several more minutes had passed, however, Naddalin was not there- only one watching Emmah. There- Girl they had been instructed to read was so tedious that more and more people were hoping to watch Emmah's mute attempt to catch Professor Scott's eye rather than struggle on with fundamentals for beginners.'

Wither more than half there- class were staring at Emmah mouse her than at their books, Professor Scott seemed to decide that she would- could ignore there- a situation no longer.

‘Did you want to ask something about there- Girl, dear?’ She would-asked Emmah, as though she would-had only just noticed she.

Part: 4

‘Not about there- Girl, no,’ said Emmah.

‘Well, we're reading just now,’ said Professor Scott, showing she small, pointed teeth.’ If you have other queries, we can deal with them at there- end of class.’

‘I's have got an interrogation about your course aims,’ said Emmah.

Professor Scott raised her eyebrows.

‘And your name is?’

‘Emmah Kizziah,’ said Emmah.

‘Well, Miss. Kizziah, I think there- course aims are clear if you read them through carefully,’ said Professor Scott in a voice of determined sweetness.

‘Well, I’s don’t know,’ said Emmah bluntly. There’s nothing written up there about using defensive spells.’

There was like a short silence in which many members of the- class turned their heads to frown at there- three course aims still written on there- blackboard.

‘Using self- justifying spells?’ Professor Scott repeated with a little laugh.’

Why, I’s cannot imagine any situation arising in my classroom that would require you to use a defensive spell, Miss. Kizziah. You surely are not expecting to be attacked during class?’

‘We’re not going to use magic?’
Jinger cried loudly.

‘Um- young students raise their
hand to wither they wish to speak in my
class, Mr. S?’ ‘Railie,’ said Jinger,
thrusting she hands into there- air.

Professor Scott, smiling still
more widely, turned she back on her.

Naddalin And Emmah
immediately raised their hand too.
Professor Scott’s pouchy eyes lingered
on Naddalin for a moment before she
would- addressed Emmah.

‘Yes, Miss. Kizziah? You wanted to ask something else?’

‘Yes,’ said Emmah. ‘Surely there- the whole point of Defense Against there- Dark Studies is to practice defensive spells?’

‘Are you a- Unholy Orders trained educational expert, Ms. Kizziah?’ asked Professor Scott, in she falsely sweet voice.

‘No, but’

‘Well then, I’m afraid you are not trained to decide what there- ‘whole point’ of any class is.

Wizard and the Fallen's or
fallen girls much older and cleverer
than you have devised our new
program, of study.

You will be learning about self-
protective spells in a secure, risk
freeway...'

'What use is that?' Said
Naddalin loudly.'

If we are going to be attacked,
it won't be in a...'

~*~

Naddalin thrust her fist in there- air. Again, Professor Scott promptly turned away from her, but now several other people had their hands are up, too.

‘And your name is?’ Professor Scott said to Lacy.

‘Lacy Thomas.’

‘Well, Mr. Thomas?’

‘Well, it’s like Naddalin said, isn’t it?’ Said Lacy.’ If we are going to be attacked, it won’t be risk-free.’

‘I repeat,’ said Professor Scott, amused, and grinning in a very irritating fashion at Lacy, do you expect to be attacked during my classes?’

‘No, but- um- ah...’

‘Like- Professor Scott talked over her.’

I do not wish to criticize the-way things have been run in there Hayvannahol,’ she’d- said, an unconvincing smile stretching her wide mouth.

‘Nonetheless, you have been exposed to some very irresponsible

fallen angels/Wizard and the Fallen's in their class, very irresponsible indeed not to mention,' she would- gave a nasty little laugh,' extremely dangerous half-breeds.'

'If you mean Professor Lupin,' piped up

Lacy angrily, 'she- was there- best we ever'

'Hand, Mr. Thomas! As I was saying you have been introduced to spells that have been complex, inappropriate to your age group, and potentially lethal. You have been

frightened into believing that you are likely to meet Dark attacks every other day.'

'No, we haven't,' Emmah said...
'We just...'

'Your hand is not up, Miss.
Kizziah!'

Emmah put up the hands.
Professor Scott turned away from her.

'It is my understanding that my predecessor not only performed illegal curses in the finger of you, but she also-actually performed them on you.'

‘Well, she- turned out to be a maniac, didn’t she-?’ Said Lacy hotly.’
Mind you, we still learned loads.’

‘Your hands are not up, Mr. Thomas!’ Trilled- Professor Scott. ‘Now, it is there- view of there- Unholy orders that a theoretical know they edge will be more than sufficient to get you through your examination, which is what Hayvannahol is all about. And your name is?’ She would- added, staring at Parvati, whose hands had just shot up.

‘Parvati Smartha, and isn’t
there a practical bit in our Defense
Against there- Dark Arts FLYING?

...And, with horses that can fly
too...

~Use we ride on their backs
too; we make abound with one when we
become young lady’s... here in this
world, when we get our first wings,
bricking though are back skin, that
grows from the spin, and have gray-
black feather- ie- ness.

~We ride them in the skies, we
love them and them- us, ones the bond
is made with are haloes.

Part: 5

‘Aren’t we supposed to show,
that we can do there- counter curses
and things?’

‘As long as you have studied
the- theory hard enough, there is know
why you should not be able to perform
there- spells under carefully controlled
examination conditions,’ said Professor
Scott dismissively.

‘Without ever practicing them beforehand?’ said Parvati incredulously. ‘Are you telling us that there- the first time we’ll get to do the- spells will be during our exam?’

‘I repeat, as long as you have studied there- theory hard enough.’

‘And what good’s theory going to be in the real world?’ said Naddalin loudly, the first in the- air again.

Professor Scott looked up.

‘There is Hayvannahol, Mr.-, not there- the real world,’ she would- said softly.

‘So, we're not supposed to be prepared for what's waiting for us out there?’

‘There- is nothing waiting out there- are, Mr.-’

‘Oh, yes?’ Said Naddalin. Her temper, which seemed to have been bubbling just beneath the- surface all day, was reaching boiling point.

‘Who do you imagine wants to attack children like yourselves?’ Um-enquired Professor Scott in a honeyed voice.

‘Hmm, let us think...’ said Naddalin in a mock thoughtful voice.’
Maybe... Lady Ava Jinger gasped;
Lavender Brown uttered a little
scream; Neville slipped sideways off
her stool.

Professor Scott, however, did
not flinch. She would- was staring at
Naddalin with a grimly satisfied
expression on her face.

Ten points from Amsel, Mr.-’

She- classroom was silent and
still. Everyone was staring at either
Scott or Naddalin.

‘Now, let me make a few things quite plain.’

Professor Scott stood up... And leaning towards them, her stubby-fingered hands splayed on her desk.

‘You have been told that a certain Dark Wizard and the Fallen has returned from here- dead she- wasn’t dead,’ said Naddalin angrily,’ nevertheless yes, her returned!’

‘Mr. - you have already lost your house ten points do not make matters worse for yourself,’ said Professor Scott in one breath without

looking at her.' As I was saying, you
have been informed that a certain Dark
Wizard and the Fallen is at large once
again. She is a lie.'

'It is NOT a lie!' said Naddalin.'
I saw her, I fought her!'

'Detention, Mr.-!' said
Professor Scott triumphantly.
Hayvanna-horror evening. Five o'clock.
My office.

I repeat, 'she is a lie.'

'I don't think so-o she said
loader.'

The- Unholy Orders of Magic guarantees that you are not in danger from any Dark Wizard and the Fallen. If you are still worried see me outside class hours. If someone is alarming you with fibs about reborn Dark Wizard and the Fallen's, I would like to hear about it. I am here to help. I am your friend; and now, you will kindly continue your reading. Page five, though one hundred.'

Professor Scott sat down behind her desk. Naddalin, however, stood up.

Everyone was staring at her;
Laila looked half scared, half
fascinated.

‘Naddalin, no!’ Emmah
whispered in a warning voice, tugging
at her grieve, but Naddalin jerked her
arm out of her reach.

‘Like- so, according to you,
Joella - Elizabeth dropped dead of her
own concur, did she-?’ Naddalin asked,
her voice shaking.

She was a collective intake of
breath from her- class, for none of
them, apart from Jinger and Emmah,

had ever heard Naddalin, talk about what had happened on the- night Joella had died.

They stared avidly from Naddalin to Professor Scott, who had raised her eyes, and was staring at her without a trace of a fake smile on her face.

‘Joella - Elizabeth’s death was a tragic accident,’ she would- said coldly.

‘It was murder,’ said Naddalin. She- could feel herself shaking.

She- had hardly spoken to anyone about her, least of all thirty eagerly listening to classmates.'

'Ava killed her, and you know it.'

Professor Scott's face was quite blank. So, and- it was not that one...

Then her face went blank...

Part: 6

Then- for a moment, Naddalin thought she would- was going to scream at her. She would- said, in her

softest, most sweetly girlish voice.

‘Come here, Mr. ...dear.’

She- kicked her chair aside,
strode around Jinger and Emmah and
up to the- teacher’s desk.

She- could feel the- rest of the-
class holding its breath. She- felt so
angry she- did not care what happened
next.

Professor Scott pulled a small
roll of pink parchment out of her
handbag, stretch- d it out on the-
desk dipped her enchanted typewriter
into a bottle of ink, and started

scribbling, hunched- over so that Naddalin could not see what she would- was writing. Nobody spoke out at that moment at all. After a minute or so she would- rolled up the- parchment and tapped it with her wand; it sealed itself seamlessly so that she- could not open it.

Take her to Professor Ashly, dear,' said Professor Scott, holding out the- note to her.

She- took it from her without saying a word, turned on her heel and left the- room, not even looking back at

Jinger and Emmah, smashing the-
classroom door shut behind her.

She- walked amazingly fast
along the- corridor, she- note to Ashly
clutched- tight in her hands, and
turning a corner walked slap into
Charlotte she- a poltergeist, a
widemouthed little girl floating on her
back in midair, juggling several
inkwells.

‘Why it’s Petty Wee-!’ Cackled
Charlotte, allowing two of she- inkwells
to fall to the- ground where she-
smashed- and spattered the- walls with

ink; Naddalin jumped backward out of
the- way with a snarl.

‘Get out of it, Charlotte.’

‘Oo-oh-h, Crackpot’s feeling
cranky’ said Charlotte, pursuing
Naddalin along with her- corridor,
Graceling as she- zoomed along above
her.’

What is it the time, my fine
Petty friend? Hair-razing voices...?
Seeing visions... or the past like it is the
now...? Speaking in’ Charlotte blew a
gigantic raspberry’- tongues?’

‘Motorboating some boobies
back their girl.’ said Naddalin!

Ball one-

Ball two-

Ball three- all spit- ie!

‘I said, leave me ALONE!’
Naddalin shouted, running down the-
nearest flight of stairs, but Charlotte
merely slid down the- banister on her
back beside her.

Part: 7

‘Oh, most think she’s Barking,
she- petty wee child, nevertheless,

some are more- kindly besides think
she's just sad, But Charlotte knows
better and says, that she's mad - 'Shut-
UP!'

A door to she left flew open,
and Professor Ashly emerged from the
office looking grim and slightly hassled.

What are you shouting about-?'
she'd- snapped, as Charlotte cackled
gracefully and zoomed out of sight.'
Why aren't you in class?'

'I've been sent to see you,' said
Naddalin stiffly.

‘Sent? What do you mean,
sent?’

She- held out the- note from
Professor Scott. Professor Ashly took it
from her, frowning, slit it open with a
tap of the wand, stretched it out, and
began to read.

Her eyes zoomed from side to
side behind the square spectacles as
she would- read what Scott had
written, and with each line, they
became thinner.

‘Come in here,’ she- followed her inside her studies. She- door closed identically behind her.

‘Well?’ said Professor Ashly, rounding on her.’ ‘Is she true...?’

‘Is what true...?’

Naddalin asked rashes more aggressively than she- had intended.

‘Professor?’ She- added, to sound politer.

‘Is it true that you shouted at Professor Scott?’

‘Yes,’ said Naddalin.

‘You called she a liar?’

‘Yes.’

‘You told her the girl- Who
Must Not Be Talked about is back?’

‘Yes.’

Professor Ashly sat down
behind the desk, watching Naddalin
closely.

Then she would- said,’ Have a
beige,’ ‘Have what...?’

‘Have a beige,’ she would-
repeated impatiently, indicating a
tartan tin lying on top of one of the-

piles of papers on her desk,' and then sit down.'

She had been a previous occasion when Naddalin, expecting to be caned by Professor Ashly, had instead been chosen by her to the-Amsel Claepsiara team.

She- sank into a chair opposite her, and helped herself to a Ginger Newt, feeling just as confused and woozy footed as she- had Deanahe on that occasion.

Professor Ashly set down
Professor Scott's note and looked very
seriously at Naddalin.

'You need to be careful.'

Naddalin swallowed her
mouthful of Ginger Newt and stared at
her.

Her tone of voice was not at all
what she- was used to; it was not brisk,
crisp, and demanding; it was low and
apprehensive and somehow much more
human than usual.

‘Misbehavior in Dolores Scott’s class could cost you much more than house points and detention.’

‘What do you...?’

‘Use your common sense,’ snapped Professor Ashly, with an abrupt return to her usual manner.’

You know where she’d- comes from, you must know to whom she’d- is reporting.’

The- bell rang for the- end of the- lesson. Overhear, all-around came the clumsy sounds of hundreds of students on the- move.

‘It says here she’d- ’s gave you detention every evening she week, starting Hayvanna-horror,’ Professor Ashly said, looking down at Scott’s note again.

‘Every evening she week!’ Naddalin repeated, horrified. ‘But then again, Professor, couldn’t you?’

No, I couldn’t,’ said Professor Ashly flatly.

‘But.’

‘But!’

‘But?’

‘She’d- is your teacher,
besides, has every right to give you
detention.

You will go to her room at five
o’clock Hayvanna- Horrow for her- the
first one. Just remember tread carefully
around Dolores Scott.’

‘But one was telling the- truth!’
said Naddalin, outraged. ‘Ava is back,
you know her- is; Professor Duerre
knows who she- is?’

‘For heaven’s sake-!’ Said
Professor Ashly, straightening her
glasses angrily (she would- had winced

horribly where- and her- had used Ava's name.')

Do you think she is about truth or lies? It's about keeping your head down, and your temper under control!'

She would- stood up, nostrils wide and mouth very thin, and Naddalin stood up, too.

(Naddalin- sometimes I am wondering if I to do not have to retard tattooed on my forehead!)

'Have another beige,' she would- said touchily, thrusting the- tin at her.

‘No, thanks,’ said Naddalin
coldly.’

Do not be ridiculous,’ she’d-
snapped.

Then now, at that time of that
day- she- took one... ‘Thanks,’ she- said
grudgingly.

Part: 8

‘Didn’t you listen to Dolores
Scott’s speech at the- start of term
feast-?’

‘Yeah,’ said Naddalin. ‘Yeah...
she would- said... progress will be

prohibited or... well, it meant that...
that the- Unholy Orders of Magic is
trying to interfere with at the school for
girls.'

Professor Ashly eyed her
closely for a moment, she- and sniffed,
walked around the desk, and held open
the- door for her.

'Well, I'm glad you listen to
Emmah Kizziah at any rate,' she would-
said, pointing her out of the office.

Dinner in the- Massive Hall
that night was not a pleasant
experience for Naddalin.

The- news about she is shouting match with Scott had traveled exceptionally fast even at the school for girls' morals.

She- heard sweepers all around her as she- sat eating between Jinger and Emmah.

She- funny thing was that none of she- whisperers seemed to mind her overhearing what they were all saying about her.

On the- contrary, it was as though they were hoping she- would get irritated and start shouting o'er so

that they could hear the story first
hands.

‘She- says she- saw Joella -
Elizabeth murdered...’

‘She- reckons she- a dual-l-ed
with You Know- Whom...’

‘Come off it...’

‘Who does she- think she’s
kidding?’

‘Tur Zease...’

‘What I do not get,’ said
Naddalin through clenched- d teeth,
laying down the knife and fork (she

hands were shaking too much to hold them steady,) 'is why she- y all believed she- story two months ago when- and Duerre told them...'

'The- thing is, Naddalin, I'm not sure she- e did,' said Emmah grimly. 'Oh, let us get out of here.'

She would- slammed down her knife and fork; Jinger looked longingly at the half-finished- apple pie but followed suit. Individuals stared at them all the- way out of the- Hall.

'What'd' you mean, you're not sure they thought Duerre?'

Naddalin asked Emmah when they reached- the- first-floor landing.

‘Look, you don’t understand what it was like after it happened,’ said Emmah quietly.’ You arrived back in her- middle of the- lawn clutching Joella’s dead body... none of us saw what happened in her- maze... we just had Duerre’s word for it that You Know Who had come back and killed Joella and fought you.’

‘Which is the- truth!’ Said Naddalin loudly.

I know it is, Naddalin, so will
you please stop biting my head off?’
Said Emmah wearily.’ It’s just that
before she- the truth could sink in,
everyone went home for her- summer,
where they spent two months reading
about how you’re a nutcase and
Duerre’s going senile!’

Rain pounded on the-
windowpanes as they strode along with
her- empty corridors back to Amsel
Tower.

Part: 9

Naddalin felt as though the first day had lasted a week, but she still had a mountain of homework to do before bed.

Dull pounding pain was developing over the right eye. She glanced out of a rain-washed window at the dark grounds as she turned into the Fat Lady's corridor. She was still no light in Dargide's cabin.

'Mimulus mumble-like,' said Emmah, before the Fat Lady could ask. The portrait swung open to reveal the-

hole behind it and the- three of them scrambled through it.

The- girl's dorm room was almost empty; everyone was still down at dinner. Snakes uncoiled themselves from an armchair and trotted to meet them, purring loudly, and when- and Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah took the three favorite chairs at the- fireside the- leaped lightly on to Emmah's lap and curled up her like a furry ginger cushion.

Naddalin gazed into the- flames, feeling drained and exhausted.

Part: 10

‘How can Duerre have let this happen?’

Emmah cried suddenly, making Naddalin and Jinger jump; shanks leaped off her, looking afterward still panicking. She’d- pounded her- arms of the chairs in a fury so that bits of stuffing leaked out of the- holes of the chair.’ How can she- let that terrible woman teach us? And in our FLYING year, too!’

‘Well, we’ve never- ever had great Defense Against her- Dark Arts

Craft teaches, have we?' said
Naddalin.'

You know what it's like,
Dargide told us, nobody wants the- job;
she- e say it's jinxed.'

'Yes, but to employ someone
who's refusing to let us do magic!

What's Duerre playing at?'

'And she- is trying to get
people to spy for her,' said Jinger
darkly in an ominous way.

'Remember when- n she'd- said
she'd- wanted us to come and tell's her

if we hear anyone saying- 'You Know
Who's back?' 'Of course, she is- the one
to spy on us all, that is obvious, why
else would Fudge have wanted her to
come?' Snapped Emmah.

'Do not start arguing again,'
said Naddalin wearily, as Jinger opened
her mouth to retaliate.' Can't we just...
let us just do that homework, get it out
of the- way...'

She- a collected heir
Hayvannahol bags from a corner and
like returned to her- chairs by the- fire.

People were coming back from dinner now.

Naddalin kept her face averted from the- portrait hole but could still sense she- stares she- was attracting.

‘Like- shall we do Lily’s stuff first?’ Said Jinger, dipping the enchanted typewriter into the magical inkwell.

‘She- properties... of moonstone... And it uses ...in potion-making...’ she- muttered, writing the- words a- crossed the- top of the yellow-

sh parchment Paper as she- spoke to them all out too loudly.

Disruptive... as they said she was... yet, not like at all like they- the higher up at her old school said at all either.

She- underlined the- title, and splatted ink, then she looked up expectantly at Emmah.

‘So, what is the- properties of moonstone and its uses in potion-making?’

But- but- Emmah was not listening; she would- was squinting

over into the- far- far off corner of the- room, where Breanna, Katy, And Grace, Jordan were now sitting at the- center of a knot of innocent-looking first years, all of whom were chewing something that seemed to have come out of a large Paper bag that Breanna was holding.

‘No, I’m sorry, they’ve gone too far,’ she would- said, standing up and looking positively furious.

‘Come on, Jinger.’

‘I’m what?’ said Jinger, plainly playing for time.’ No, come on, Emmah

we can't tell them off for giving out sweets.'

'You know perfectly well that those are bits of things Nougat or Pushing Pastilles or...'

'Fainting Fancies?' Naddalin suggested quietly.

One by one, as though hit over her- head with an invisible mallet, the- first years were slumping unconscious in their seats.

Then some slid right on to the- floor, ashes merely hung over her- arms of their chairs, their tongues lolling out.

Most of the- people watching were
laughing...

Emmah, however, squared her
shoulders and marched directly over to
where Breanna, and Katy... she has
now stood with clipboards,
meticulously observing her;
unconscious first years.

Jinger rose slightly, and then
halfway out of her desk chair, hovered
uncertainly for a moment or two, then
murmured to Naddalin, 'she's- got it
under control,' before sitting as low in

the deck- chair as she nerdy awkward
frame permitted.

Interval: 5

Chapter: 156

Part: 1

That's enough!' Emmah said forcefully to Breanna and Katy, both of whom looked up in mild surprise.

'Yeah, you're right,' said Katy, nodding, 'she does look strong enough, doesn't she?'

'I told you this morning, you can't test your rubbish on students!'

'We're paying them!' Said Breanna indignantly.

‘I do not care; it could be dangerous!’

‘BS,’ said Breanna.

‘Calm down, Emmah, they’re fine!’ Said Grace reassuringly as she-walked from the first-year girl’s room to the first-year class, inserting many sweets into her open mouths.

‘Yeah, look, they’re coming around now,’ said Katy. A few of the-first years were indeed stirring. Several looked so shocked to find themselves lying on her- floor, or dangling off their chairs, that Naddalin was sure Breanna

and Katy had not warned them, what
them sweets were going to do.

‘Feel all, right?’ Said Katy
kindly to a small dark-haired girl lying
at the feet.

‘I- I- I’s, think so,’ she would-
said shakily.

‘Excellent,’ said Breanna
happily, but she- next second Emmah
had snatched- both she clipboard and
her- paper- along with a bag of pop-
rock gemstone from the hands.

‘It is NOT excellent!’

‘Of freaking course, it is, they are alive, aren’t they?’ Said Breanna furiously.

‘You can’t do she, what if you made one of, them ill?’

‘We’re not going to make them ill; we’ve already tested them all on ourselves, she is just here to see if everyone reacts the- same.’

‘If you need to stop doing it, I’m going to...’

‘Put us in detention?’ Said Breanna, in an I would like to see you try it voice.

‘Make us write lines?’ Said
Katy, smarting off.

Onlookers all over her- the
room where laughing. Emmah drew
herself up to the full thought, her eyes
were narrowed...

And the bushy hair seemed to
crackle with static electricity.

‘No,’ she’d- said, her voice
quivering and trembling with anger...’

Part: 2

...But I will write to your mother, and f*cking haunt the sh*t and piss out her every night.'

'You wouldn't,' said Katy, horrified, taken a step back from her.

'Oh, yes, I would,' said Emmah grimly.'

I can't stop you from consuming all of the- stupid things yourselves, but you're not to give them to her- first years.'

Breanna And Katy looked- totally flabbergasted.

It was clear that as far as they were concerned, Emmah's threat was below her- belt.

With a last threatening look at them, she would- shove Breanna's clipboard and her- a bag of Fancies back into the arms and stalked back to the chair by the- fire.

Jinger was now so-o freaking low in the set, that her young sweet noses were- um- level with the knees, and all you could see where young little sweet eyes piping out over top the lid of the desk, and hair brads.

Thank you for your support,
Jinger,' Emmah said acidly.

'You handled it fine by
yourself,' Jinger mumbled.

Emmah stared down at the
blank piece of parchment for a few
seconds, then said edgily. 'Oh, it's no
good, I can't concentrate now.

I'm going to bed.'

She would- wrenched- the bags
open...

Naddalin thought she would-
was about to put the books away...

Then like instead she would-
pulled out two Misshapen woolly
objects, placed them carefully on a
table by the- fireplace, covered them
with a few screwed- up bits of
parchment and a broken quill, besides,
she stood back to admire the effect.

‘What if the- name of Merlin
are you doing?’ said Jinger, watching
she as though fearful for her sanity.

They’re hats for house sprites,’
she’d- said briskly... like a crazed girl
was more die on...

~*~

‘Now stuffing her books back
into her bag.’

I did them over the- summer...

I’m a slow knitter without
magic but now I’m back at
Hayvannahol, I should be able to make
lots and lots more.’

~*~

‘You’re leaving out hats for the-
house sprites?’ Said Jinger Flying about
nuts-o like.’

‘And you’re covering them up
with garbage first?’

‘Yes,’ said Emmah
disobediently, swinging she bag on to
the back.

‘That’s not on,’ said Jinger
furiously.’

You’re trying to trick them into
picking up the- hats ant’ you.

You’re setting them free when-
n they might not want to be free.’

‘Unquestionably, they want to
be free!’ Said Emmah at once, though
her face was turning pink.’

‘Don’t you dare touch those hats, Jinger!’

Part: 3

Arthur Railie, Head of the-Embezzle of Non-magical people Heirloom Office at the- Unholy orders of Magic, has won the- annual Daily Paper Grand Prize Gemstone Draw.

A delighted Mr. Railie told she-Daily Prophet, and We will be spending the- gold on a summer holiday is back on Earth, that is, and as a body that looks like they, or to get into one there, where our do as all these girls hope to

come back as a girl, yet with wings or to be a fallen angel on earth, no one wants to work as a curse breaker for Gutiérrez Wizard and the Fallen Bank, or scrub crappers.

The- Railie family will be spending a month in Rockville, returning for the start of the new Hayvannahol year at the school for girls, which five of the Railie children currently attend.

Anyways- Naddalin scanned the- moving photograph and a grin spread a- crossed her young sweet

little, face as she- saw all nine of the-
Railie's waving furiously at her,
standing in front of a large 'the body of
Neveah' viaduct.

Plump little Mr. S. Railie; tall,
balding Mr. Railie; six girls; and one
daughter, all (though she- the black-
and- the white picture did not show it,)
with light- shiny- red hair.

Right in the- middle of the-
picture was Jinger, tall and gangling,
with her pet mouse, Scabbards, on her
shoulder and her arm around her little
sister, Jill.

Naddalin could not think of anyone who deserved to win a large pile of gold more than she- Railie's, who was genuinely nice and extremely poor. She- picked up Jinger's letter and unfolded it.

Part: 4

Dear Naddalin, Happy birthday! It was sounding almost routine to me... yet nice to hear.

And this could well be her- day I will make sure to make a- big deal of it too, like of my calling, said Uncle Read.

‘You embarrass and completely humiliate me,’ he said.

Naddalin went back to her toast and jam licking off the butter knife, saying thanks sheepishly.

Of course, she- thought bitterly, Uncle Read was talking about the- stupid dinner party, to like she was 10.

She would have been talking about nothing else for two weeks. Yet when the day comes, she is sad.

Um so girls- some rich builder and her wife were coming to dinner, to

talk with you, and Uncle Read was hoping to get a huge order from them, (Uncle Read's company made lumber as you know, for log homes.)

And think we should run through the- schedule one more time, and said, Uncle Read.

And we should all be in position at eight o'clock.

Jennath, you will be...?

-And-

Naddalin- anyways she- was taking the- weight off her feet, by

places them up on her desk, show more than she needs to under the skirt. Then Emma sat down in the one adjacent her next to the- wall, and all the windows shown in the light day's rays, hopping for the eerie sounds of the ball to ring out once more, for it all to be over. Looking at her was this wolf... 'Hum...' I am wondering... quietly to myself.

Walking down the path to other school buildings, there was a- wolf- that was feeling her legs as she was trying to walk- in odd ways, the campuses are large, 10 coastal, in all, like with many links 'the body of Neveah' arch bridges.

She- did not look at it, at all
feel the evil coming from those green
marble-like eyes, think it got to be...

Anyways- after an instant or
two she- spoke to it- using her mind,
and a spell, to do so-o- and she whipped
to it softly, using telepathic
communication spells.

Telekinesis- is one, that I like to
use on earth- like making a light glob
float in midair, and have it flicker in a
girls' stunted face, or even to lift things
like her off the ground or all around
them. I use this to stay in one hovering

place, over their bed, or something like that.

Psychokinesis- is the one they use to get into all these girls heads, the higher authority's too, and then- you know who- them. Mind manipulation... to make confusion- disillusion, and illusions.

'Clever...no...?' I am thought.

I have a card reading, laid out on my desk so I know what lays ahead too, as she did... and I would say she was reading all the clues right, I could see all she did to... it was in my report,

yet they would say that all BS. That she was losing her mind, yet it was not the cards, they were a help.

I am- like elaborated- um babbling for 30 minutes, about nothing that was a- rational thought, so they thought, yet... yet some in the class felt me. In the incoherencies...

Know I knew why the wolf... was there it was one of them holding me back in my speech, so it would not be known...

My Paper they could not change, this is what it said- I could see

that, was not Nevaeh's felt. That she ended the way she did. She had no life- to speak of having the same teacher for six years, reading the same stories, like the same moronic- three words make a sentence- of tells of: 'The Wolf Made a Stink;' and, not seeing words over 'one' syllable, (funny- syllable has three- syllable in the word,) so if you never- ever seen the words, above- or was in a class higher than that- of 2nd grade, all 12 years; like- I ask how could you learn- more than what they gave you, it was not on her- now was it?

God, she got point for having her name right, on the Paper... that what we are dealing with here... they would not let her on the reading team, or be in anything more than fundamental, and when I say fundamental, that is not the term.

Saying- she could not 'handle it,' how can you not handle something, if her teachers would not give her a chance to do more to handle, there was nothing there to handle...!

Even, at doing what the other in her grade were achieving I thought

there was nothing to handle, the advice was to drop out, and kill herself, by superiors and kids alike, and sign the book, so- now- at this time they said this was all governor- Ed Rendell's felt not there's.

So-o she has a- 'simpleton' would not know how to spell that either... Nauseating it was, to be in the same shoes as she- I was in freak'n pre-k for 7th grade up- I just sat there... lost in a- trances- like her, that was not my felt, so I thought, just look at this, I's am not a smart girl yet, this was tragic.

Also, then when Nevaeh got there, as I did like her, now in 7th grade, and they had the boldness to say she was regressing. I cannot see how you can regress at re-traded leave, and she was far from that, yet she did- or they documented to kill her life in all ways,

(You see- I am falling there was no way out of this...)

The day consisted of freaking played Uno and board games for seven hours, not getting off your ass to even piss without some asking if you need

help, in freaking 7th grade instead of class time, with others, that is not giving up- and the one she was with were over just having enough of the nonsenses they call the school.

It was asked of me to write something magnificent, awe-inspiring, and completely unbelievable- well I's did- what is that you do?

Part: 5

Ah- moment!

(Back)

The wolf-

She- curved to look at her-
Caroline, but she would- gone- rain off-
blending with the- ashes out on the-
street.

As an alternative, she- was
laughing at a rash unembellished-
looking lady who was wearing square-
ed small, granny-style glasses, with a
thick bifocal exactly the- shape of the-
patterns, the wolf had had around eyes
where.

She would-, too, was wearing a
tan wrap, older thin and scary too
young kids.

Oh, and the gray hair was drawn into a close-fitting twist and long and stringy.

She would- observed ruffled.

‘Like- like- like- how did you know it was me?’ And she would- asked me...

I knew by the- eyes, you have green wolf-like eyes, that how- you cannot mistake them... they are only you, and you are only.

Oh- my dear Professor, I’ve never- ever seen a wolf sit so rigidly.

- And-

You would be stiff if you had been sitting on a brick wall all day and said Professor- sweet little schoolchild.

And all day to ah...?

When could you have been a triumph?

I must have accepted 12 or 13 buffets and merrymakings on my way here. Professor, she inhaled irately; and OH yes, everyone is celebrating, all right, and she would- said impatiently.

And you would think they
would be a bit more careful, but no-
um- hum, not even she-

Non-magical peoples have
noticed something is going on too.

It was on their news... even...!

And- she'd- jerked she head
back at the- Natalie's' dark living- room
window.

And- I heard one, and then
more flocks of them- in packs, flying
girls with wings... off making mastiff...
even if they should be in bad, for a

school night, shooting stars... too, and a big full moon in the twilight.

Well, they are not entirely stupid...

They were bound to notice something, I thought too, along with looking for shooting stars, and that big full moon, down in Barnesboro.

Part: 6

I will bet that was Dedalus Diggle. She- never had much sense, and you cannot blame them, said Dorezblumd gently.

However- she had precious little to celebrate for eleven- year- old.

-And-

And- I know that, said Professor Pattergirl irritably.

And- but- but- that is no regard to lose our heads, here like- um individuals are being downright careless, out on the- streets in broad daylight, here at this school, young brats were making, no discipline, not even dressed in non-magical people clothes, crossing over, swapping rumors, and such and being well knotty

Sluts... Um- 'What can I say it's the-
slut generation these days... YET- their
kids.'

-And-

She would- threw a sharp,
sideways glance at Dorezblumd, and if
looks could kill we would be scrapping
up Dorezblumd with a little shovel and
using the body as fertilizer.

Nevertheless, as though hoping
she- was going to tell she something,
but she- did not, so-o she would- went
on, her way.

A fine thing it would be if, on
the- very day You Know- who seems to
have vanished at last calling, the- non-
magical peoples found out about us all.

...I feel it...

I suppose she- really has gone,
Dorezblumd?

-And-

And- It certainly seems so and
said Dorezblumd.

And- yet all in all- we have
much to be thankful for.

Would you care for a- lemon,
Jolly Rancher Hard Candy and I giggle-
till I cried for a half-hour?

Part: 7

And...?

And- A what?

And- A lemon drop, and gold
stars, ha- go figure.

They are a non-magical people
sweet I am fond of them... like she
was... even if. They say you do not have
a mind too- so go figure, that one too.

And- no, thank you, and said Professor Pattergirl coldly, as though she would- did not think she was the- moment for lemon drops. And as I say, even if You- Know who has gone...

-And-

And my dear Professor, surely a sensible lady like yourself can call her by her name?

All she 'you- know- who' nonsense- for eleven years, I have been trying to persuade people to call her by the proper name- Ava.

Besides Professor Pattergirl
flinched, but Dorezblumd, who was
unsticking two lemon drops, seemed
not to notice.

Like- yepper- it all gets so
puzzling if we keep saying.

‘You- Know- Her...’

I have never- ever seen any be
frightened of saying- Ava’s name.

Yet there is a first or
everything...

I know you have not, said
Professor Pattergirl, sounding slightly
exasperated, half admiring.

But you are different- all way
different.

Everyone knows you are the-
only one...

You- Know- oh, all right, Ava
was frightened of.

-And-

'You flatter me... you do- I am
rather amused.'

Part: 8

And said Dorezblumd
tranquility. And- Ava had powers I will,
never- ever- ever- never, have.

-And-

Amenably because you are too-
well- noble to use them.

Luckily, it is dark out now. I
have not blushed- d so much since- the
snowy flaky night- Madam Pomphrey
told me she would- liked my new
earmuffs.

-And-

Professor Pattergirl shot a wicked look at Dorezblum and said, 'She-flying with wings is nothing next to the-rumors that are flying around about girls with the wings flying.'

Do you know what everyone is saying? About why she has disappeared? About what finally stopped her?

-And-

It seemed that Professor Pattergirl had reached- the- point, and she would- was most anxious to discuss, the- real points, rather she would- had

been waiting on a cold, hard wall all day now, kneeling as a wolf, not as a woman... had she would- fixed Dorezblumd with such a piercing stare as she would- did now, the question was asked?

It was plain, whatever- so and so not- and everyone- so-on- and saying, she would- was not going to believe it until Dorezblumd told her it was true.

Dorezblumd, however, was sucking off- yet another lemon drops and did not answer.

So- like what they are saying,
and she would- was pressed on- down
and down the line to the next and the
next and is that last night Ava turned
up in Godin's Hollow.

She- wanted to find her. The-
rumor was and is- that Lily, and Alyssa-
are- um- a- ...they are- dead.

Dorezblumd bowed she head-
showing that he was feeling sad.

Professor Pattergirl gasped...
(Inhale noise here.)

Oh, my- completely and totally-
modified.

Part: 9

And Lily and Alyssa... I cannot believe it... I did not want to believe it... Oh, Roberts...

-And-

Dorezblumd reached out and patted her on her- shoulder. And I know... I know... she said- avidly.

Professor Pattergirl's voice trembled as she would- went on. And That is not all. She is- a saying she- tried to kill her, Naddalin. But - she- could not. She- could not kill that little girl. No one knows why, or how, but

they are saying that when she- could
not kill Naddalin-, Ava's power
somehow broke - And that is why she is
gone.

Dorezblumd nodded glumly.

And it is - it is true? And
faltered Professor Pattergirl. And she's
Deanahe... all the- people she is killed...
she- could not kill a little girl? It is just
astounding... for all the- things to stop
her... but how is the- the name of
heaven did Naddalin survive?

We can only guess, said
Dorezblumd.

And- we may never know.

-And-

Professor Pattergirl pulled out a lace hanker- chief and dabbed at her eyes beneath the spectacles.

Dorezblumd gave a great sniff as she- took a golden watch from her pocket and examined it.

It looked like a timepiece.

What is that thing...?

It was a very odd watch all this taking place.

It had twelve hands but no numbers; instead, little planets were moving around the- edge.

It must have made sense to Dorezblumd, though, because she- put it back in her pocket and then said, Dargide's is late.

Like- I suppose it was she- who told you I would be there, by the- way?

And- yes, said Professor Pattergirl.

I would not- a suppose you are going to tell me why you are there, of all places?

Part: 10

(Back)

I remember- when, I have come to bring Naddalin to her aunt and uncle, like the girls in the past it was my job to just drop her off at a doorstep- even if it were wrong, yet, I feel they would be good to her, like with the others...

They are the- the only family she- like the others, the only one left, in this world that is...!

God- there gross- really, I thought- it how it must be- yet it

known, that she is what she is... In the-lounge, said Aunt Jennath promptly and waiting to welcome them graciously to our home.

-And-

And- Good, good, Dariez?

-And-

I will be waiting to open the-door, behind an angel oak tree. And Dariez put on a foul, simpering smile, greening way too much- in a way I did not trust.

Mr. And Mr. S. Magirl? Make
me sick with their 1950's charm- they
put on...

And- they will love her, as one
of their own!

And cried Aunt Jennath
rapturously when she picked up the
nude 4- year- old.

Saying it is a girl!

-I would say so- he said she
does not have a dink- ie!

And Excellent, Dariez, and said
Uncle Read; then she- rounded in
Naddalin in her arms, tightly.

‘And- you good?’

‘And you?’

They would say: ‘Yeah’- at the
same time- (Yeah.)

~*~

(Forward)

2 years have passed, and all
was not as you would seem, they were
nasty- nasty- nasty!

A 6 and $\frac{3}{4}$ Naddalin, was
always- freaking, locking her teeny-
tiny room she called the donjon under
the spiral staircase, yet it was not long
even a 6 that she was remarkable, for
her age decking it out with all things
girlie, and fallen, dark angels, and
Wizard and the Fallen, old posters off
cover the would wall with jagged nails
sticking through, and all the books she
could get in there, with old leather
bindings, she was reading one book a
night. The pull change would even sway
as the drafty air would pour in, there

was no warmth in there at all and they could care less.

This was her response,
always- 'I'll be in my bedroom, making
no noise and pretending I'm not one of
you and all misunderstood like the one
before me and said Naddalin
tonelessly.'

To- mop... 'I don't do that; you
just don't understand the things that
are not you!'

'Smart ass!'

'Yep- I am smart and have an-
ASS- Mr.,' and- exactly, said Uncle

Read nastily, yes, and all you do is play with the upper front hole of it, and do not forget it.

I am a girl that hole needs to be felled all the time to make us feel happy when all you all do is make me sad.

‘Um- pour baby girl- it sounds like you need a glass of suck it up.’

And- the door slammed it the bar on the outside latched.